

ence of brick clay, is applied locally to those parts of the body which are affected. The patient lies on a straw bed, on which is placed a sheet. The attendant having ascertained the suffering parts, daubs them to the thickness of several inches with the mud. The invalid, covered with a hot sheet or blankets, lies for half an hour, perspiring freely, then gets into a hot sulphur bath, is thoroughly cleansed, rubbed dry, and returns to a bed artificially warmed, where the perspiration continues for an hour or so longer. This treatment is repeated almost every morning for about twenty days and is of great value in all manifestations of rheumatism. The mud is dug out of a mountain a few miles from the spa and brought to the establishment and allowed to soak for several years in tanks of boiling sulphur water until required for use.

Taking a Telephone to Bed.

A doctor's profession requires him, if he seeks convenience and comfort, to have two telephones—one in his office and one in his bedroom. As anyone who has to pay tribute to the telephone knows, says the Pittsburgh Telegraph, their charges hardly represent the progress that has been made in other lines in the world in cheapening commodities. But necessity is the mother of invention, and a doctor in the East End found a way to have the convenience of two telephones and yet only pay for one. He has his telephone hung upon hooks in his office, the connections being made by the telephone coming in contact with an electric board which he has had constructed. He also has wires run to his bedroom, where another electric board has been placed. The doctor may be said to take his telephone to bed with him every night. He takes it from the hooks in his office, carries it under his arm up to his bedroom, and places it upon the hooks there. Should any calls come during the night, he can answer them without leaving his room, thereby getting the use of two telephones for the price of one.

The Dolphin's Changing Colors.

It is a popular impression among most people that while a dolphin is in its death struggle it changes color to almost every hue of the rainbow. While making a trip by water from New York to New Orleans a few months ago, says a traveler in the St. Louis Republic, the mate of the vessel caught a dolphin early one morning, and the passengers were summoned on deck to see it change color as it lay gasping in the agonies of death. The colors were certainly very beautiful, but not nearly as vivid as had been expected. These fish are not especial favorites from a gastronomic point of view, being rather dry and tasteless. The one caught by the mate was fried for breakfast, the cook taking the precaution to put a silver half-dollar in the pan while cooking it, to make sure that the fish had not been feeding on something poisonous, which is said to be sometimes the case. If the silver becomes tarnished, it would not be safe to eat the fish.

MONEY CAUSES TROUBLE.

Many Fierce Hatreds Begin at the Reading of the Will.

Of all things, after jealousy—of which, indeed, it is part and parcel, the visible substance of the unseen feeling—money is the most potent factor in the creation of domestic rows. To see a set of expectant heirs all waiting on the reading of the will, and to note the disappointment of those who have not been well endowed, and their frantic jealousy of and fiery anger against those who have, is to see an object lesson in human nature among the most saddening and degrading that exist.

By reason of those legacies all the former love is forgotten, and a hatred like to nothing so much as the fire of hell takes its place. Brothers and sisters glower at one another over the lump sum given to one and the small annuity doled out to another, with the thundering residuum that goes to perhaps the already richest member of the family, or the portion which creates the head out of one of the minor joints of the tail. How many affections have received their death blow by the side of that divided heap of money—where each legatee thought himself defrauded by all that the others had received, and where there were disappointed heads by as many as there were joints in the tail left in their natural condition.

It is an exceptional nature that can take coolly the disappointed expectation formed by vanity or cupidity of the legacy to come after such and such a death, writes Mrs. Lyan Linton, in the Queen. For, indeed, money is the touch-stone par excellence of character, and baser hopes do sometimes so often mingle in even with love where the lover is poor and the beloved is wealthy. Then comes the crash, and then follows the row; and flames burst out where the flowers once bloomed and the sweet waters once flowed.

HE WAS MOVING.

And for a Wonder His Belongings Did Not Crowd the Van.

A young man on the South side had two rooms in a flat building and had furnished them himself. He had all the comforts of a home—such as a folding bed, a dresser and a set of boxing gloves. His lease expired on May 1, and he had some other rooms engaged, but he required two weeks in which to screw up his courage to the moving point, says the Chicago Record.

He hired a brawny man to do the packing. The carpets, the bookcase and the other traps, including two trunks, made a formidable showing, and when he telephoned the transfer company he said: "Send one of your largest wagons." Next morning early there was a rap at his door and the brawny man said: "The wagon is here."

Before anything was carried downstairs he went out in front just to assure himself that the wagon was large enough. He found that it was. It resembled a storage warehouse on wheels. It was as large as the Barnum

cage in which travel the two hippopotami. The driver sat on the roof, away up in the air, and the horses were dwarfed into ponies. When the back doors were opened there yawned a cavernous interior in which two sets could have danced a quadrille. There was no doubt about it being large enough. After all the earthly possessions of the young man had been pushed into one corner, the captain of the van asked where the rest of the stuff was to be found.

"That's all," said the young man.

"All! That's not enough for ballast. Why didn't you get a wheelbarrow?"

"I didn't know they had any wagons so big," stammered the humiliated young man. His property did make a paltry showing. When he paid the bill he was sorry that he hadn't used a wheelbarrow.

BEAVERS NOT EXTINCT.

Traces of the Busy Little Animals Found in the Adirondacks.

It has been supposed that beavers were long extinct in the Adirondacks, but fresh work by them has been found on the outlet of Lake Meacham, twenty-five miles south of Malone. This discovery has attracted a good deal of attention from the guides and hunters. Beavers feed on the bark of the birch, willow, alder and poplar, and it is their habit to lay by stores of food in the summer.

Guides who were fishing on Meacham outlet recently found sticks of poplar of varying length and diameter, from half an inch to an inch, cut almost as neatly at each end as if the work could have been done with the knife. It was unmistakably the work of beavers. It would add largely to the charm of the Adirondacks if beavers were again to establish themselves there and erect their strange habitations. The game laws now forbid the trapping or killing of these animals at any time of the year.

Original Phrasing.

There are many wonderful dialects in existence, says Harper's Magazine. One of these is what might be called the suburban domestic dialect; that used by servants in the rural communities in the daily routine of housework. Several examples have come to hand. A suburbanite was greeted, one morning, as he entered his dining-room, with this choice specimen: "Mr. J., the colt has friz the pipes. They've bust, and the cellar's all afloat!" The same domestic, while at work in the hall adjoining the library where her employer was writing, thinking he might prefer not to witness the operation of polishing the floor, entered the room, and said: "Mr. J., do you want the door cluz, or the curtains drew?"

A Superior People.

In China Ts'aichow men are a superior race. They are the Chinese Four Hundred and native anatomy distinguishes them in an altogether unusual way. The surgeons say that while all other Chinamen have eight pieces of bone from the neck to the top of the head Ts'aichow men are the proud possessors of nine.